

:- A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME :-

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Jenny Comes Back.

By OSBORN JONES.
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IN the romance of Jane Bradley and Samuel Smith sentiment was in abeyance. That had all gone before in plenty and it would come again. But the wedding was but ten days off and there were more important things to do than to pass the time in lovers' dreams. There were time tables to consult, there was furniture to buy and there were trunks to pack. And all this had to be done after 5 o'clock at night, for Jane as well as Samuel believed in sticking to work till the very eve of the wedding.

Samuel and Jane had been boy and girl together back at Blair's Corners, and Samuel always assured Jane, and no doubt believed himself that way back in the days when he used to pull her braids of auburn hair and trade chestnuts that she could not climb to get for apples from her uncle's orchard, he had been in love with her. He liked to think about it that way—as a long secret romance. She was his saint, to whom he had dedicated all his sentiment from childhood. And even if Jane did smile a little as he made these protestations to her, and though she did recall the raven-tressed Nell and the cherub-faced Molly that had come and gone in those country school days, she was considerate enough not to mention them.

But she knew that the first time Samuel really accepted her as the saint who should occupy the niche in the shrine of his heart was after she had come to the city. He had come cityward because Blair's Corners did not seem to afford him opportunity for the making of a living, and when Jane's uncle and guardian had died, she, forgetting Samuel for the time, also came to the city, dug up a cousin for a chaparron and found a position as a stenographer. The fact that fate led her to find her first employment with the concern for which Samuel worked was the real crux of the matter. And the fact that she came just at the time when Samuel was making his fortune made him greet with especial warmth the girl that had come from the "Corners."

Two years had passed since Jane first went to work, and so there had been leisure enough in the unfolding of the romance and time enough for the deliberate feathering of the nest in the shape of a small uptown apartment. They had just picked out the dining room set, and they sat shop weary in the concourse of the big department store while Jane checked off from her methodical little list the items that they had bought. As she checked her eyes noticed those of Samuel following the little figure and exquisite plumage of a little city bird that strutted by them in the crowd.

"Striking girl, isn't she?" suggested Jane. It was Jane's way to refuse to let Samuel suspect her of jealousy. "Striking, yes," agreed Samuel, a bit annoyed with himself and just a trifle piqued that Jane should willingly see his eyes follow another woman. He didn't at all see through Jane's methods. "Striking little girl, yes; but not the sort of woman a man wants to marry."

"Why, Samuel, she looks perfectly respectable. I'm sure. I don't see why a man shouldn't marry the kind of woman he admires. Most men do." "You don't understand." Often Samuel liked to assume a much deeper and more intricate knowledge of human nature than Jane could have. You see, a man of my temperament may admire that sort of a girl in one way, but he knows that it is the quiet little country mouse that most men don't notice in a crowd, that will make him the best wife.

Jane didn't in the least admire being called a country mouse, especially as she had rather extravagantly invested in a new hat and suit that were the quintessence of city sophistication. Besides, Jane knew that men did notice her. She liked to be noticed and she knew that Samuel enjoyed seeing other men admire her. But Samuel went on:

"It's always been the memory of the little Jenny I used to know and the fact that you are still that little Jenny that has made me think of you even when those other women may have attracted my passing notice."

Jane especially hated to be called Jenny. In the city she was Jane, and she frankly liked the city better than the country. "And that reminds me," Samuel went on, "after we are married I am going to ask you to be more like that little Jennie and less like the Jane of the city. I am going to like to see you dressed in the simple frocks you used to wear, with your hair parted neatly, and no cosmetics but pure fresh water. To feel that such a wife is waiting for me at home will be greater happiness than to think of a gayly decked city bird of paradise. Even if I do watch them, as no man can help doing, I shall always have my heart with the little country mouse." Samuel looked at the hat that Jane was wearing. "And after we are married I am going to go shopping with you and choose the sort of things you are to wear. That hat does not exactly suit your type, dear. I can imagine a little floppy hat, such as you used to wear, as being much more suitable for my little Jenny."

Jane laughed. "And I can imagine my dear little Sammy in the dear old overalls as he used to wear them when he did chores back in the 'Corners,' and I'm going to have the barber part his hair in the middle and plaster it down the way it used to be in Deacon Jones' Bible class." Jane laughed and then in a tone more to Samuel's liking she added: "I know what you mean, and if you really want me to be Jenny, why of course I shall."

It was 5 when Jane reached her cousin's and before she had put aside the new sophisticated hat Samuel had reached her on the telephone. "A big buyer from San Francisco had just come," he told her. "Doll up and do your worst. He's going to meet me at the Palma and I thought between you and the cabaret show we could

DO YOUR EASTER HATTING EARLY



DRESS HAT OF MALINES AND ROSES.

"He" is sure to call any hat lovely which flaunts a gay flower. Therefore the wreathed hat is forever in demand. The best thing of the season is garlanded in metallic rosebuds, faintly tinged with blue, pink, red, green, wisteria and corn color.

Fitted to suit the most exacting shopper, and to adorn any type of beauty is this wreathed hat of fine malines, from the stock of Reed Bros. & Co., importers, Cleveland.

Hats draped with layers of different colored tulle are also banded with flowers.

:- CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE :-

I could not resist writing Malcolm Stuart a little note saying, "You have put me in rather an awkward position, my dear Malcolm, by saying that you cannot sail away until after I have paid a visit to the Lady Salvia. Don't you see if I went, my visit would say: 'What's your hurry? Where's your hat?' Let me smile at you a little, for somehow smiling does not come to me easily now."

"It's all nonsense about your not having a good time without me, you know, for with Eliene and Mollie and Donna—Donna Tenny is visiting me and I am going to send her with Mollie and Eliene—you will have the time of your life. Very privately I am going to tell you I expect you to fall in love with Donna and quit your sailing around new countries for to see."

"It would be an ideal arrangement, for Donna would keep you here with us, and I know your friends will be very, very lonely when you again slip out of their lives and go away to ports unknown."

MARGIE.

Yes, little book, Donna came yesterday following her letter very quickly. I have never seen her look so beautiful. Her lovely white hair has softened her face—her coloring is as delicate as that of a girl of twenty.

Donna interests me greatly. She is such a creature of contradictions. One minute she mourns Bill and will not comforted. The next she is the happiest woman I have ever known. She has brains under that blanching thatch of hers and I love to hear her tell her experiences and what they mean to her.

After hearing her talk, I have almost come to the conclusion that the man was right who wrote, "In her first love a woman loves her lover; after love, all she loves is love."

I am very anxious to see what reactions will come from the meeting of Donna and Malcolm. To me she is almost the most desirable woman I know from a feminine standpoint.

land some pretty big orders. Of course, I'll tell him we are engaged—that will explain why you are with me. But a girl like you can handle a man like that better than I can. So doll up to kill. Meet me at the Palma at a quarter of 7 and we can get the right line of talk ready."

Jane dashed to her room and worked with furious rapidity and at half past 6 she reached the Palma, where she registered her name and asked for a room. She had a suit case, which she deposited in the hotel room and then came down to meet Samuel. But Samuel did not recognize her.

In fact, it was not till she had laid a hand on his arm that he realized that the little mouse before him was really Jane—only it was the old Jenny and

"Do you know, Margie," she said to me yesterday, "I think a woman's whole life is one of negation. Most of all, she must constantly deny herself."

"I don't wonder that Ellen Key says a woman's dangerous age is between forty and fifty. What she did not say, however, seems to me is more significant. It is that very few women wake up to the fact that they have been up to that time under the absolute dominion of something or someone."

"As girls we must subscribe to numberless conventions that are as silly as they are barbarous. After marriage our husbands consciously or unconsciously make a set of rules which we must obey, even if we do not honor them—and widows! Widows, my dear, are always under the eyes of Mrs. Grundy!"

"You know, Margie, I have always been a rather cold woman? I do not think any man ever really interested me, but Will. But even before he died I used to see his youth come back to him with the thrill of each new affair, and honestly, Margie, I wish it could come to me. I think that what he used to term jealousy in me was not so much jealousy as envy."

"For a little while after we were separated and I went back to him, I was perfectly happy, but for a long time before he died I was only a tender nurse, in whom he placed all confidence, and then—I was alone."

"You see, dear, it is the old tradition that will not die. We think we love liberty but we really do not realize what liberty means. What we really want is the feeling that we belong."

Little book, little book, do you remember that time in the long ago when I wrote ecstatically, "after tonight I shall belong?"

Is that what we women always want after all? Is it because we sometimes feel we no longer belong that our hearts hurt?

not Jane at all. With the help of her cousin Jane had resurrected a "floppy hat," of the kind that she had worn in the "Corners," two years before. Then Jane had taken from her wardrobe the dress that was "best" two years before. It was little worn and at least it had the virtue of never having been more in style than at present. It was pretty in a way and demure and not unbecoming—but never stylish. With the donning of this Jane vanished and Jenny was reincarnated. The hat finished the picture. But this was not enough. There was the substitution of sensible flat-heeled, soft black kid shoes for the trim high-heeled pumps that Jane wore, and then she took out of her bureau a drawer a pair of white cotton gloves such as the

Jenny of old days had always worn to church and sociables. Before donning this costume Jane had washed her face vigorously with soap and good water till it shone like a June sky and Jenny in the country frock had added not a touch of cream or powder. The hair had been parted and brushed back in rolls above the ears so tight that it, too, shone. It was a warm evening, so no coat was needed.

At first Samuel was speechless. "But—but the buyer!" he gasped.

"Don't you like me?" the girl's tones mocked pleadingly. "Don't you see I'm dressed just like the dear old Jenny of the 'Corners'?" I thought as long as you were going to tell the buyer that I am going to be your wife you would want me to look the part. This is the way I am going to dress, of course, and you don't know how much more demure I feel. It's funny what a difference clothes make in one's feelings."

Samuel was thinking now just of business. He consulted his watch, and as he did so he had a vision of the Jane as he had seen her that afternoon—the Jane whose stiff clothes had a little alarmed him; the Jane who, though dressed in the best of taste, attracted the attention of the men who passed; the Jane whose strikingness had called forth the little talk about the charm of Jenny. It was not Jenny but Jane that he counted on for that interview with the buyer. It was just a quarter before 7 by his watch.

"Jane, I get the point, I see what you mean—but it isn't fair. The joke would be a good one if the occasion weren't so serious. You see, I counted on your help. That way you'd spoil everything. And now, of course, you can't get home and into your togs in a quarter of an hour."

"No," smiled the girl, and it was Jane talking through the Jenny make-up, "but I can go to my room here in the hotel and put back the Jane clothes in ten minutes. They're all there in a suit case."

And as she turned to take the elevator to her room Samuel followed for a step. "Good by, Jenny, forever," he said. "I like you back in Blair's Corners but it was with Jane here in the city that I fell in love."

COST OF COTTON CHANGES STYLES

Many Women Turn to Silk Which Costs But Little More.

By BETTY BROWN

NEW YORK, March 20.—Undermuslins are suffering a sea change. Just as the 50 to 65 per cent. rise in the price of wool is forcing women to wear dresses of silk, so the tremendous advance in the price of cottons is making silk underwear more popular than ever before.

When a woman shopping for union suits finds the \$1 article raised to \$1.25 or more, she just naturally investigates the garments made partly or altogether of silk. And in the face of temptation, she very often chooses the luxurious garment.

Scores of women are today wearing silken lingerie who have never before indulged themselves in such a delightful extravagance.

The immediately striking note in spring lingerie is its color. Not only the w. k. rainbow but all the flowers of the earth and the birds of the tree tops contribute their tints to the decoration of night gowns, chemises, negligees and petticoats.

Frequently one changes upon a display of undergarments made altogether of some vivid hue. For example, night gowns made of apple green crepe are a novelty on view this week.

Whenever woman goes forth to shop for cotton, she finds herself in a strange new world. The reliable percale has assumed queer values, kinghams are choice and expensive, and cotton has taken new values to itself according to its weight; therefore transparent stuffs are very much in fashion.

The same striking color schemes dominate outer as well as undergarments. Flesh, pink, yellow, pale blue, wistaria and chaitrease wash boluses will be worn with white sports skirts all summer.

Wash skirlings are of extremely heavy quality, one might think in order to support the remarkably loud and conspicuous patterns of the season. Persian, designs in cotton are less in demand than the fashion makers' designs which are manufactured for

men's shirts make very charming practical waists for women.

The unreliability of some of the new dyes is causing women to avoid buying over-elaborate ready-made wash dresses. To send garments regularly to the dry cleaner's adds a considerable item to their cost. For this reason, a good many housewives are returning to their old-time habit of doing the summer sewing at home. They test their cotton samples by washing them before they make them up.

While shopping for cottons, it would seem a good plan to look out for good items in sheets, pillow cases and similar household necessities. Until the mills of Europe get started again, the American housewife will doubtless be forced to consider the cost of cotton cloth as carefully as she is now considering the price of potatoes.

HEALTH HINTS

Neuralgia means nerve pain. Neuritis means inflammation of the nerve. In neuralgia the pain comes and goes. In neuritis the ache is steady and sticks closely to the affected nerve. If the nerve could be taken out and examined we could find nothing abnormal in the case of neuralgia. In neuritis the nerve would be found to be inflamed. Bacteria taken into the body from bad tonsils or bad teeth may cause either neuralgia or neuritis. So would pressure on a nerve. Among other causes are alcoholism and lead poisoning.

If a person is suffering from neuritis he must look for and try to remove the cause. Not much headway toward a cure can be made until this is done. Some people find relief from osteopaths and masseurs, but one should not be disappointed if he fails to obtain relief from these sources.

In neuralgia the skin over the painful areas often becomes tender. In some cases the skin swells, as in nettle rash. In other cases blisters and sores appear.

Careful manipulation of the tender parts and skillful massage can bring relief in some cases of neuralgia. Drugs powerful enough to do good are powerful enough to do harm, and should not be given except for short periods and under a physician's direction.

The question of what is behind the pain of neuralgia is more important than the answer to the cry for relief.

It must be remembered that neuralgia is merely a symptom not a disease. Sometimes malaria is the underlying cause. Other times it may be due to alcoholism, diabetes, lead poisoning, gout, rheumatism or Bright's disease. A diseased tooth or a diseased ovary may be responsible. In every case treatment must include treatment of the underlying cause.

LENTEN MENUS FOR ONE DAY

By BIDDY BYE

BREAKFAST—Stewed prunes; corn cakes and sirup; coffee.

LUNCHEON—Creamed eggs; graham muffins; cabbage salad; tea.

DINNER—Boiled cod; Spanish rice; scalloped tomatoes; mince pie; coffee.

Have you Indigestion?

Your food will continue to disagree with you, and cause distress until you strengthen your digestive organs, and tone and sweeten the stomach. You can do this quickly and surely by promptly taking a few doses of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Their natural action relieves the stomach of undigested food, stimulates the flow of gastric juice, renews the activity of the liver and bowels, and strengthens the digestive system. Take them with confidence, for 60 years' experience prove that Beecham's Pills

Are good for the Stomach

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c, 25c.



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Spring Style Show Thursday

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WEST VIRGINIA FOLKS, ATTENTION!

Auto-Intoxication.

The victims of auto-intoxication are many thousand every day. By reason of the toxins, or poisons bred in the intestines, these poisonous bacteria are sent all through the blood channels and the victim feels tired, sleepy and headachy, or the brain doesn't work as usual. The best treatment for this is to drink hot water before breakfast—plenty of water all day and procure a simple laxative.

"This is to certify that I have taken Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets and found them to be all that they are recommended to be. They are a splendid regulator of the stomach, liver and bowels. For headaches, constipation or biliousness they are fine, never causing distress. I once kept Dr. Pierce's remedies in my store and have sold many a package and never had any complaint as to their effects, so judge they were always satisfactory. I can recommend these medicines as being good."

Mrs. Mary Murrell, of 720 Seventh Ave., Huntington, W. Va., says: "I have taken Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets and found them excellent. For sick headache, constipation, biliousness or sluggish liver they are the best I have ever taken. They tone up the system and are very easy and pleasant to take. I am glad to recommend them."

If not obtainable at your favorite drug store, send 25 cents in one-cent stamps to Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will mail you a package of the Pellets.

Mrs. John Combs, of 704 Second St., Mountsboro, W. Va., says: "I think Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the best medicine of their kind that I have ever taken. I have taken them for sick headaches, biliousness and constipation and found them a splendid regulator of the stomach, liver and bowels. They are very easy, never causing distress and seem to tone up the entire system."



J. S. QUICK

A pleasant one is made of May-apple, leaves of aloe, etc., with no calomel and entirely vegetable. First put up by Dr. Pierce nearly 50 years ago. Druggists sell these vegetable pellets in vials—simply ask for Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

Mr. J. S. Quick, who resides at 137 Ocello St., Clarksburg, W. Va., says:

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(IT LOOKS AS THOUGH DANIEL DUFF WOULD BE HEAD OF THE HOUSE.)—BY ALLMAN.

